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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

THIRTY-FOUR

DARICK 2009

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The BOYS™

THIRTY-FOUR

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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NO JOY?

VOICEMAIL AGAIN. WE KEEP MISSIN' EACH OTHER.

BUT HE SAID HE WAS ON HIS WAY AN' I'VE TOLD HIM WHERE WE ARE, SO--

PHONE HIM BACK AN' TELL HIM TO GET HIS SKATES ON.

THIS IS PAYBACK'S CRIB...?

UN GRAND MAISON DE MERDE. BUT, IF WE MUST FACE STORMFRONT, BETTER TO DO IT FAR FROM CIVILIANS...

BEEN NEARLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AN' THE MUTHAFUCKA STILL AIN'T COME UP FOR AIR.

LOOKIN' FOR US, ONLY LEAD HE GOT IS THE ONE PLACE WE KNOW TO LOOK FOR HIM.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD BURN THE PLACE TO THE GROUND, AND SEE IF THAT GETS A REACTION.

M'SIEU CHARCUTER?

OH, FUCK ME.

GET AWAY FROM THE VAN, *GET AWAY FROM THE FUCKIN' VAN--*

THE SELF-PRESERVATION SOCIETY

conclusion

HITLER WAS A QUEER!!

COME ON, YOU GOOSESTEPPIN' JERRY BASTARD! I'M THE ONE YOU'RE AFTER!

COME ON, IF YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT THE FUCKIN' BOLLOCKS FOR IT...!

SHIT!

LEG IT, MATE.

YES, HELLO AGAIN, DOCTOR. I STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO REACH THE FAMILY, SO I'M AFRAID THE SITUATION'S NO CLEARER.

WE'VE HAD A NUMBER OF CONFLICTING REPORTS, BUT WHAT I'M TRYING TO ESTABLISH IS--

A HEART ATTACK IN A SPA?

MM-HM.

YES.

I SEE.

NO, I WOULDN'T CALL IT A HAPPY ENDING EITHER. THANK YOU, DOCTOR.

GOODBYE.

HMH.

HWUFF--
HWUFF--
JESUS...
WHY DO YOU BOTHER TO RUN AT ALL...?
TERROR? GO.
FUCKIN' GO, SON--!
RARF! RARF!
ALL RIGHT, BOXHEAD.
YOU KNOW, ME OL' GRANDAD WAS UP AGAINST YOUR MOB IN THE WAR...
LET ME GUESS: HE TOLD YOU THAT GERMANS ARE NOTHING BUT COWARDS AND BULLIES, AND IF YOU STAND UP TO US WE WILL ALWAYS BACK DOWN?
NAH, HE JUST SAID YOU WERE WANKERS.

GAKK!!

KKUUCCCCCCCHHH--!

RRRAAAAAAHHH!

ENGLANDER...!

HUGHIE?

WAKE UP, HUGHIE.

I AM HERE.

F--

FUCKIN' HELL--

YOU *DARE* TO LAY YOUR MONGREL HANDS ON ME, I WILL *END YOU--!*

OH, BOLLOCKS...

GUUHHH!!

NOW WE BEGIN.

WARF! WARF! WARF! WARF!

OH, JESUS--!

HUGHIE, YOU TWO GO LEFT, GET AROUND BEHIND HIM! ME AN' FRENCHIE'LL GO STRAIGHT IN!

PLUS RAPIDE!

WARF!

THEY SAID YOU HAD TO BE LEFT ALIVE.

THEY WERE VERY EXPLICIT.

KILL THE OTHERS. DON'T TOUCH HIM.

BUT THAT INSTRUCTION NO LONGER INTERESTS ME.

YOU TALK ABOUT THE WAR, YOU ANGLO-SAXON VERMIN: YOU COULD ***NEVER*** HAVE BEATEN US ON YOUR OWN...

MAYBE NOT.

BUT WE HUNG ON LONG ENOUGH FOR THE YANKS TO JOIN IN.

WHAT?

NAAHH!!

YOU BLACK PIECE OF FUCK, I'LL TEAR YOU IN HALF FOR THAT--!

DON'T BE FORGETTIN' THE FREE FRENCH.

SOME BAD MUTHAFUCKAS RIGHT THERE.

VIVE DE GAULLE.

AAAAAAHH!!

AAAAAHH, FUCKERS! YOU WORTHLESS RABBLE OF SUBHUMAN SWINE, I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

YOU DON'T ADD UP TO A FUCKING PINPRICK, I COULD KILL A THOUSAND OF YOU!!

AN' THEN, OF COURSE, THERE WAS THAT OTHER LOT.

THE LADS THAT WENT ALL THE WAY TO BERLIN.

UURRAAAAIIIIIIIII!!!

WAS...DIE HOLLE...

SUCK THE LOVE SAUSAGE, GERMANSKI PIG!!

NICE ONE, VAS!

RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S FUCKIN' *DO* THE BASTARD--

EEEEAAARRRRGGGHHH!!

YOU CUNT, YOU FUCKIN' CUNT--

MUTHAFUCKA--!

CONNARD ALLEMAND!

FRITZIE BLOODBEAST, DIE!!

GOD--!

DO I THINK YOU NEED WHAT...?

A...A BOOB JOB.

YOU KNOW.

NO, NO! NO LASSIE DOES!

THOSE HORRIBLE SILICON LUMPY THINGS, THEY LOOK BLOODY DIABOLICAL! I MEAN ALL RIGHT, I COULD SEE IT IF YOU HAD HIDEOUS TITS TO BEGIN WITH, LIKE THEY LOOKED LIKE BANANAS OR SOMETHIN'--BUT YOURS ARE LOVELY...!

WHAT ON EARTH BROUGHT THAT ON, HEN?

JUST BEING CRAZY.

THANKS, BABE. YOU'RE THE BEST.

STILL NOTHIN'?

NOT A PEEP OUT OF HER.

FEMALE IS STRONG AS SOVIET STEEL. SHE WILL WAKEN.

HOPE SO. NOT JUST FOR HER SAKE.

CHRIST, AYE, POOR FRENCHIE'D BE BLOODY HEARTBROKEN...

HE WOULD NOT GRIEVE ALONE.

THANKS AGAIN FOR YOUR HELP ON THIS ONE, VAS. DUNNO WHAT WE'D'VE FUCKIN' DONE WITHOUT YOU.

HEARD THAT.

THINK NOTHING, COMRADES!

I GET MESSAGE BILLY'S BOYS ARE UP SHITTER--I JUMP ON PLANE WITH ALL DUE HASTE! ***NO ONE*** FUCKS WITH FRIENDS OF VASILI VORISHIKIN!

WUFF--!

BESIDES, WAS CHANCE TO DEAL OUT JUSTICE. DECADENT WESTERN SUPER-TEAMS JUST RUNNING DOG SERVANTS OF CAPITALIST MASTERS--IN ***GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN*** WE FOUGHT FOR GOOD OF ***ALL.***

FUCKS LIKE PAYBACK...JUST IN IT FOR WHAT THEY CAN GET, BOYS. CARE NOTHING FOR THE PEOPLE, WANT ONLY TO CLIMB ANOTHER STEP UP POLE.

AND ***STORMFRONT...*** PFF.

I NEVER PASS UP OPPORTUNITY TO KICK SOME RECTUM, YES?

WRECKED HIM?

FUCKIN' NEARLY KILLED HIM, HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

THAT'S THE OLDEST JOKE IN THE ***WORLD,*** YOU SHOULD BE ***ASHAMED*** O' YOURSELVES...!

FRENCHIE?

RIEN.

OUGHTA GO HOME, MAN. GET SOME SLEEP, WE GONNA CALL YOU IF--

NON.

JAMAIS.

WELL AT LEAST NIP DOWNSTAIRS AN' GET YOURSELF A CUPPA, MATE. HUGHIE'LL SIT WITH HER.

GO ON.

GOOD MORNING!

OH, HELLO.

WASN'T SHE SUPPOSED TO BE--

NO IDEA.

SO THIS LATEST DEVELOPMENT, DOES IT MEAN YOU'RE RUNNING THE SHOW?

...POSSIBLY.

THE BOARD ARE MEETING THIS AFTERNOON; I IMAGINE I'LL KNOW QUITE SOON.

HULLO, HEN.

YOU KNOW...

I'VE BEEN HAVIN' A WEE BIT O' TROUBLE RECENTLY.

THE G-MEN. ALL THE SHITE AT HEROGASM. I KNOW IT'S SECOND NATURE TO YOU, BUT... ALL THE KILLIN', YOU KNOW?

IT'S JUST NO' ME. IT'S NO' HOW I EXPECTED TO LIVE MY LIFE.

TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I WAS STARTIN' TO WRITE THE BOYS OFF AS A BUNCH O' VIOLENT NUTTERS. I CAN'T BLOODY ***STAND*** SUPES, OR THE AWFUL STUFF THEY GET UP TO, BUT I WAS SERIOUSLY THINKIN' ABOUT QUITTIN'.

BUT WHEN I SEE YOU LYIN' HERE LIKE THIS...IT'S LIKE SEEIN' SOMEONE I'VE KNOWN SINCE I WAS...

AW, GOD. I HOPE YOU WAKE UP, HEN.

I REALLY, HONESTLY HOPE YOU WAKE UP.

OOOH! CHOCOLATE LIMES!

AAAAAAAAAHH! SHE'S AWAKE!

HOLY FUCKIN' CHRIST ALMIGHTY, SHE'S AAWAAAAAKE!!

DAMN, BUT I AM FUCKED.

BOTH OF US GETTIN' TOO OLD FOR THIS SHIT.

WE'LL LAST LONG ENOUGH.

SO YOU THINK THIS THING WIT' HUGHIE GONNA TAKE CARE OF ITSELF? HE GONNA GET HIS FAITH BACK OKAY?

DUNNO.

FUCKIN' ARM IN PLASTER AIN'T GONNA DO MUCH GOOD.

VAS IS STAYIN' IN TOWN FOR A COUPLA DAYS. HE LIKES VAS.

APART FROM THAT...

I S'POSE WE COULD ALWAYS TELL HIM WHO WE ARE.

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, ANYWAY.

ONE LAST THING I'VE GOTTA TAKE CARE OF.

UH?

WHO SENT YOU?
THE END